

# CHARIVARIA.

THE ignorance of the mass of the people in regard to things nautical is indeed prodigious. We heard a man in the street explaining, the other day, that a war-vessel which was recently in collision was saved by her water-tight blockheads.

We are informed that the statement which may be read on a new type of electric omnibus now to be seen in our streets,

THE LONDON ELECTROBUS, has no reference to our Poor Law Guardians.

At the quarterly meeting of the Oxfordshire County Council it was resolved that in view of the very serious damage caused to roads in the county by motors the time had now arrived when a further substantial tax should be levied on them. It is thought that to give practical effect to this resolution the local magistrates will be requested in future to fine all motorists whether they exceed the speed limit or not.

"The decision of the Army Council to refuse official sanction to rifle clubs on licensed premises has aroused much indignation," says a contemporary. In our opinion it ought to be forbidden to rifle a club, no matter where it may be situate.

The Emperor of KOREA has approved the sentence of hanging passed by the Supreme Court upon Prince Yi, one of the Korean delegates to the Hague Conference, and the sentences of imprisonment for life passed upon the PRINCE's companions. The delegates are now in America, and you really cannot blame them.

A party of Doukhobors have walked a distance of some 350 miles from Swan River in search of "a

land of perpetual summer." They have chosen a peculiarly unfortunate year for the quest.

Mr. HENRY A. BEERS, the Professor of English Literature at Yale University, declares that the English drama has been dead for nearly two centuries. We had thought the accusation unjust until we suddenly remembered that *The Belle of New York* and *The Prince of Pilsen* were both American productions.

From a White Paper issued by the Board of Trade we learn that, while in 1871 £9,558,000 was spent on 1,237,000 paupers, in 1906 £16,741,000 was spent on 1,089,000

worm, it is said, apologised for arriving late.

Sir OSWALD MOSLEY has offered a penny each for queen-wasps, to prevent a threatened plague in the neighbourhood of Rolleston, near Burton. The rumour that several of the royal insects have come in voluntarily and claimed their pennies is unconfirmed.

Among the prizes offered in a bowling competition at Yarmouth was a set of false teeth. This would surely have been a more useful prize for a boxing competition. On the other hand, it may be that the marksmanship of Yarmouth bowlers is known to be erratic.

A Waterford lady has, by her will, left an annuity of eighty pounds for the support of her two favourite dogs. Since the news has been made public the fortunate legatees have, we hear, been pestered with offers of marriage; but we understand that it is their intention to remain single.

The American Naval Department is considering the question of a new and more appropriate dress for American blue

jackets, and it is not impossible that a neat striped and starred bathing costume will be decided on.

Answer to a Correspondent:—A croquette, we believe, is a female croquet player.

"Leave us still our Old Nobility."

"COULD its walls but speak they could tell a story. . . of the fearless exploits and the splendid achievements of Scotland's Old Nobility. Here it was that a Soulis was rolled in a sheet of lead and boiled in a cauldron. Here a Douglas captured a Ramsay and starved him to death in one of the dungeons."—*Drapers' Record*.



## PHOTOGRAPHY IN THE WILDERNESS.

DISAPPOINTMENT AND DISGUST OF SHAPITT AND POPLAIGH, WHO HAVE BEEN STALKING EACH OTHER FOR HOURS.

paupers. It is good to know that not only have our paupers decreased in numbers, but they have at the same time increased in wealth.

A Bill for the more rigid inspection of food, particularly canned goods, at the ports of entry will shortly become law. We only hope that it will be somebody's duty to see that the canned food, if destroyed, is destroyed in as humane a manner as possible.

The report of the Zoological Society for the past month shows that 210 new animals arrived at Regent's Park. Among them were a slow-worm and a lioness. The slow-

## TO A FRIEND, ABOUT TO MARRY BEER.

THOMAS, as you describe the gifted creature  
That weaves about your heart her golden spell,  
I gather she is Philistine of feature  
But in her converse strangely *spirituelle*;  
Her figure may be sketchy, but in mental  
And moral graces she 's a flawless pearl,  
And to the arts of forty adds a rental  
Fit for a bloated earl.

My boy, I do not here propose to pamper  
Your very pardonable self-esteem,  
Nor, on the other hand, to throw a damper  
Over the dawn of Youth's romantic dream;  
I pass no comment on the situation  
Save to extract from memory's mouldy stores  
A case that fell within my observation  
Analogous to yours.

He, too, that other pauper, nursed a passion  
For one whose shekels matched the shower of Jove;  
He thought to live a life of *luxe* and fashion  
Wed to the purple—or, at least, the mauve.  
What happened? Halfway through the moon of honey  
He had become the queen-bee's humble drone,  
And failed to touch sufficient ready-money  
To call his soul his own.

In clear and bell-like notes that wouldn't falter,  
Not though the parson twitched a dubious brow,  
He had informed his heiress at the altar:  
"WITH ALL MY WORLDLY GOODS I THEE ENDOW."  
Whereas 'twas she who bought his youth and beauty,  
Paid for 'em like a man—or *said* she'd pay,  
And shifted onto him the wifely duty  
To "honour and obey."

My boy, I mention this by way of warning,  
Not that you have an eye for filthy pelf;  
You love the lady for her mind's adorning,  
I'm sure you love her solely for herself;  
Yet, THOMAS, since the human heart is fickle  
And verbal promises are often trash,  
See that you have a *settlement*, and *stickle*  
For something round in cash.

O. S.

## SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

SOMEONE, an admirable man, has sent me a brace of grouse. It is a noble gift, for beyond its own intrinsic delights, its store of rich and juicy food, it has the power of lifting me out of London, of sending my spirit spinning to the North, though my material body remains fast in the clutches of the mighty monster that spreads its vast limbs through Middlesex and Surrey. I too will be off to the moors.

It's the cheapest trip in the world. No packing has broken my temper. Nothing has been loaded on to a cab. No ticket has been struggled for; no seat has been occupied in any train; no night has been spent in a delusion of sleep while the train roared over Chat Moss or rumbled into York station. All I have needed to do was to shake out my wings; and soaring through the open window, and out and up athwart the starry sky, in a moment I have lit lightly upon a Scottish moor.

"So-ho!" says SANDY. "Steady, my man." The old setter stands like a rock, one paw half lifted. His anxious eyes take a quick corner-look at us, to see if we are coming. "Make on quietly, Sir," says SANDY. Two

steps more, a third, a careful fourth—rattle-clatter, cockle-cockle—bang, bang, and away they go over the heather and over the hill, down into the valley and up the hill beyond, as noble a lot of moor-kings as ever gladdened the eyes of a sportsman. "One's down, Sir," whispers SANDY, "and another's hard hit. There he goes towering." Upward and upward strives the bird; he checks; he folds his fluttering wings and down he drops from the sky two hundred yards away. "A good beginning, Sir," allows SANDY. "If you'll be shooting as well the whole day through you'll hit one or two of them."

Now we are in the butts. Is it on the same day or on another? I am not sure, but I know I am in my butt, and JACK is in the right-hand butt, and the old gentleman is on the left. A safe and a sure shot is the old gentleman. No amount of walking tires him. He climbs the hills like a two-year-old. A quarter of an hour or so suffices him for lunch. "I'm not sure," he says, "about the beauty of all this driving. I like to see the dogs work." The old gentleman's ideas are perhaps old-fashioned, and JACK, his son, smiles indulgently. "You can't deny, father," he observes, "that a driven bird gives you better sport. It's a harder bird to hit. Besides, you get a better stock of birds on the moor with driving." The old gentleman acquiesces: "Hit them, JACKY my man," he replies, "and I'll forgive you." But I forgot: I am in my butt.

What are those dark specks in the distance? There's a warning whistle from JACK. The birds are coming. Lie down, Ben, old dog; there'll be work for you if the luck is with us. How silently they come, larger and larger, looming up portentously over the heather. Swoop! The guns have gone off and the birds are growing dim on the sky-line in our rear. One bird to me, two to the old gentleman, and two empty cartridges, but not a bird, to JACK. JACK mutters something about the sun. "The sun shines on the just and the unjust, JACKY," says the old gentleman. "Leave him out of the question, and hold your gun straight, man. I'll warrant you were a yard behind that first bird."

And now we are trudging home, tired but triumphant. Four good miles we have got to go—but who cares? We have had a great day. SANDY is satisfied; the old gentleman swings along as if he could swing for fifty miles instead of four. JACK has redeemed himself by some first-rate shooting. Ben, the retriever, paces beside us. We shall dine greatly; we shall talk, and then we shall sleep without tossing or dreaming. Is there anything like a day on the moors for health and delight? If there is I don't know it.

What was that? Boom—boom. Midnight from Big Ben. It's time to go to bed in London.

THE Cunard Company spares no pains to bring facts home to the British public. One could conceive a selfish director, secure in the knowledge of what 68,000 horse-power meant, unwilling to share the secret with his shareholders. Not so with the Cunard Line, as an extract from their booklet on the *Lusitania* will show. After explaining that the screws are rotated by engines of 68,000 horse-power, it goes on—

"In other words, this is the measure of the work done by the engines of one of these vessels. Sixty-eight thousand horses placed head to tail in a single line would extend 90 miles, while, if the steeds were harnessed twenty abreast, there would be no fewer than 3,400 rows of powerful horses."

This last is a wonderful thought, as well as a strong bit of arithmetic.



### AN OBJECT-LESSON.

BRITISH LABOUR MEMBER (to Swiss Peasant). "AND SO YOU GO IN FOR UNIVERSAL SERVICE?"  
SWISS PEASANT. "YES; WE ALL LEARN HOW TO DEFEND OUR WOMEN AND CHILDREN."  
BRITISH LABOUR MEMBER. "HORRIBLE! MILITARISM! AND YOU CALL YOURSELVES A FREE COUNTRY!"

[A mission, which is to include some Labour Members, will shortly visit Switzerland to study the Republic's system of Universal Service.]





### WILD LIFE ON THE MOORS.

*Cheerful Terror.* "I SAY, HAVE YOU SEEN THESE NEW SAFETY WHATTECALLERS? I MEAN T' SAY MY GUN'S LOADED, BUT I CAN GO ON PULLIN' THE TRIGGER LIKE FUN, AND IT WON'T GO OFF. SEE?"

#### SARAH'S EXAMPLE.

SARAH BERNHARDT'S account of her holiday routine at Annecy, in France, has inspired several English actresses to equal efforts to attain what the divine one calls rest by exhaustion. This is SARAH'S bill of fare every day:—"In all weathers, up between five and six. Shooting immediately. Eight A.M., back home; gun exchanged for fishing-net, and I go shrimping. Eleven A.M., bath and toilette. Twelve-thirty P.M., lunch. After lunch, siesta, lying on a wicker sofa against the fort. Then to work in the studio, reading manuscripts, learning parts, or using the sculptor's chisel. At five, tennis. Then dinner, then music, then bed; and we (for Madame generally has her castle full of guests) begin all over again."

Miss JULIA NEILSON, who is immensely impressed by her French colleague's activity, has drawn up the following programme:—"In all weathers, up between four and five A.M. Walk to Brighton before

breakfast. Nine A.M., back home; walking dress exchanged for gymnastic costume, and I go long-jumping on the lawn. Twelve noon, lunch in the pimperl pleasaunce. After lunch, siesta in a *chaise-longue*. At three P.M., exercise on the cinder track, hurdle racing (three strides), and throwing the hammer. At five, high tea. Then to work in the gymnasium: punching the ball, lifting the grand piano with Mr. TERRY at the keyboard. Then dinner; then leaping the billiard table. At ten P.M. I give the lions their supper, and so to bed."

The Misses ZENA and PHYLLIS DARE plead guilty to excessive strenuosity. Their trivial round runs thus:—

6.0 A.M. Rise.  
6.30. First sitting with the photographer alone.  
7.0. Family group.  
8.0. Breakfast.  
9.0. Photographed for the *Tetch*.  
9.30. Photographed for the *Skatler*.  
10.0. Photographed for the *Shy-sitter*.

10.30. Family group, all standing on gates.

11.0. Sandow exercises (with photographs).

11.30. Photographed for picture post-cards.

12.0. Rehearsal of new parts in *The Camera Girl*.

1.0 P.M. Photographed at lunch.

2.0. Photographed in a motor car.

2.30. Sign autograph albums for undergraduates.

3.30. Photographed with father.

4.0. Photographed with mother.

4.30. Photographed with brother. Light getting bad.

5.0. Tea interval.

5.30. Answer letters from undergraduates and crowned heads.

7.0. Dress for dinner.

8.0. Photographed at dinner by magnesium light.

9.30. Family prayers (with cinematograph).

10.0. Photographed saying Good night to father, mother and brother, all standing on the pillars of the pergola in the limelight.

### THE M.C.C. TEAM.

#### RUNNERS AND STARTING PRICES.

(From Our Special Correspondent.)

*Next Monday.*—I am privileged to make the official announcement that it is now quite uncertain whether BRACEY will accompany the team to Australia or not. The M.C.C. are much hurt that BRACEY has not answered their last letter; and, as they point out, it is certainly his turn to write. In the event of the correspondence between them dropping altogether, Mr. Punch will be the first to inform his readers of the fact.

*Next Tuesday.*—The refusal of BUSWELL, the popular Northamptonshire cricketer, to accept the invitation extended to him has been generally attributed to his dissatisfaction with the terms offered, viz., £300, together with expenses, allowances, tips, gratuities, bonuses, and washing. This is entirely wrong, and does that player a great injustice. The strongest possible family reasons, which I am not at liberty to mention, keep him in England; while the fact that when on the sea he suffers acutely from *mal-de-mer* must not be overlooked. Moreover, loyalty to his native county is another deciding factor, he being of opinion that, after a hard season in the Colonies on behalf of England, he would not be in a condition to do himself justice in Northamptonshire's engagements next year. However, if the M.C.C. saw their way to offering £500, it is quite possible that these difficulties could be overcome.

The case of BENSKIN, the well-known Leicestershire bowler, is quite different. He has a large interest in the "Jasper Benskin Almond Rock Company," and it would be inimical to the best interests of the firm if he were away for an extended period. It has been hinted that the name of the famous county player is all that is wanted to make the company a success, and that his presence in Australia would, by keeping his name before the public, be actually an advantage to the firm. This is quite a mistaken idea. BENSKIN has a direct control of the business, and it is revealing no trade secret when I say that it is he, in fact, who puts the almonds in. At the same time, he agrees with BUSWELL that if the terms had been £500 the situation might have been saved.

*Next Wednesday.*—The inability of SILVERLOCK of Monmouth to make the trip has caused the acutest disappointment in Australian circles.

Our Sydney correspondent cables that in the circumstances, financial considerations naturally being everything, the Board of Control are of opinion that they may have to ask the M.C.C. to postpone the tour altogether, as—with BENSKIN, BUSWELL and SILVERLOCK all unable to go, and BRACEY doubtful—they cannot guarantee any gates whatever.

*Next Thursday.*—The difficulties of the M.C.C. increase every hour. Late last night came the news that "Linesman" was unable to accept an invitation, and needless to say the announcement caused a profound gloom in the City. It may not be generally known that this *nom-de-guerre* conceals the identity of an extremely well-known cricketer, and his presence on the side would have undoubtedly strengthened both the batting and the bowling.

*Next Friday.*—The latest news is that HIBBERT (Lincoln) has been prevailed upon to accept. His attitude at first was that nothing that he might do in Australia could possibly make his reputation greater than it is now, and that, on the other hand, he might, through ill-health or ill-luck, fail to do himself justice, and so spoil his record. It was pointed out to him that similar arguments had not prevented HIRST and HAYWARD playing against Derbyshire, or (to take another parallel) LORD ROBERTS going to South Africa; and after much consideration he consented to withdraw his refusal. The following additional names, therefore, have to be added to the list of last week:—

Accepted	Refused	Doubtful if asked
HIBBERT (Lincoln)	BENSKIN BUSWELL SILVERLOCK	W. G. GRACE DUCAT SIFLEY SNOOKE

*Next Saturday.*—After weeks of waiting GAUKRODGER has decided to make the journey. He has been in daily correspondence with the M.C.C. lately, and his last letter announced that he would be coming to town on the next day, and hoped to see them. Mr. LACEY immediately wired, "If yes, wear flower in buttonhole, so that I shall know at once. FRANK"; and great was the excitement when the popular stumper was seen approaching the pavilion with an immense bunch of sweet peas in his coat. The team may now be considered settled.

*Monday.*—Our Sydney correspondent cables: "Immense excitement here at news that GAUKRODGER will come. Guarantee increased to £15,000. Consols risen to 128. Crowds parading the city."

### A PROBLEM IN GLOVES.

[Small hands are said to be "disappearing," as a result of the modern girl's devotion to games.]

WHEN DELIA—latest of my loves—

Disturbed my afternoon repose  
And thereby claimed a pair of gloves  
(The petal of a falling rose  
Fluttered my lips), I thought it  
cheap,  
Seeing that I was not asleep.

But tho' she comes of gentle blood  
My DELIA shares the modern fad  
For pastimes of the field and flood,  
A point on which she's rather  
mad,  
And DELIA's hands—a shapely pair,  
No doubt, but still, you know  
they're there.

And gladly tho' I own the debt  
It still remains unpaid; I know  
How many buttons, what to get  
In such-and-such, and so-and-so,  
Et-cet'ra; but I can't devise  
A scheme for getting at her size.

A candid spirit (such as mine)  
Would lean to sevens and a bit;  
But there politeness draws the line;  
Besides, suppose they didn't fit—  
Or worse, suppose they *did*! Good  
heavens,  
She'd never own to wearing sevens!

Yet sixes—here politeness errs:  
The compliment itself is thin;  
Indeed, with such a hand as hers,  
She'd think I meant to "rub it  
in";  
Besides, they'd split; she couldn't  
fail  
To think I bought them at a sale.

But clearly something must be done.  
It's plain that I must face the  
task,  
And probably it's ten to one  
That I go wrong; and yet to ask  
Would be deplorably uncouth,  
Nor would the lady tell the truth.

But wait; I have it. Happy touch!  
I'll order—sent to *her* address—  
"Gloves so-and-so, and such-and-  
such,  
And"—blot; and there the shop  
must guess.  
And, if it's wrong, why, then the  
shop  
And DELIA can arrange a swap.  
DUM-DUM.

FROM a Buckinghamshire sign-board:—

"Saracen's Head. Patronised by Royalty."  
Would this be our old friend,  
RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION?

## MORE LITERARY HELP.

[With Apologies to "T. P.'s Weekly."]

Mr. PUNCH will be pleased to give reliable criticisms of his readers' literary outbreaks at the undermentioned figures:—

FICTION.—£5 per yard.

GENERAL LITERATURE.—According to merit.

(Minimum charge of £10.)

VERSE.—The charge for this to be entirely at the Editor's discretion. £100 to be deposited with each poem. Epics barred.

"IRIS."—Your *June Idyl* (this should be spelt "Idyll") is lacking in observation. For instance, the refrain—

Bathing in the sunlight,  
Bathing in the sunlight,  
Bathing in the sunlight  
From eve to dewy morn—

could never have been written had you given the matter a moment's thought. We do not think that any of the periodicals would accept your poem, but a well-known soap firm might use it for advertising purposes.

"M.U.G."—Your essay *A Day in the Country* displays a nice appreciation of the beauties of nature. The subject, however, is one that has been treated too often to find a ready market, and you also make several errors in composition. "As she stood picking apples with dreamy eyes and tightly pressed lips, she looked like some sweet spirit drawn from the wood," is a little mixed. Did she gather the apples with her eyes and lips, or had the apples she gathered eyes and lips, or what? Further, is the maiden supposed to be like a wood nymph or a beverage? It is always advisable to make yourself understood. If you observe this, and choose an original subject of great interest, and develop an individual style, you may write something of distinction. The magazines might then take your work; on the other hand, they might not. The best way to find out is to write and ask them. Do not be disappointed if your manuscript is returned; you will be luckier than many authors.

"DETERMINED."—You lay great stress on your request that our criticism shall be quite candid, so for once we will make it so. *Winkles on the Beach*, then, is deficient in that coherency and grip that go to the making of a good story. After the little boy had rescued his sister from the waves, you say "an enthu-



He. "MABEL, YOU GROW MORE BEAUTIFUL EVERY DAY."

She (pleased). "OH, JACK, YOU DO EXAGGERATE!"

He. "WELL, THEN, EVERY OTHER DAY."

siastic and sympathetic crowd showered pennies and oranges upon him, which he proceeded to eat quite unconcernedly." From this point we cannot follow your characters clearly. Your manuscript is not numbered, so possibly there is a page missing, which might make a difference. Persevere. Several of your words are spelt quite correctly.

"PIXIE."—Your little dog's tale is quite charming in its wistfulness. But we think it wants cutting.

"J. S. H."—*Helping* shows that you have a tender heart.

Let us always help each other,  
Or at least let's try,  
Helping father, friend and mother,  
Kates man in this life high.

The sentiment of this is praiseworthy, but the final line is lacking in liquid movement. Don't try again.

If "IOTA," "JUMBO," and "HOPEFUL" let us have their full names and addresses we will at once communicate with the authorities.

## OUTSIDE OPINIONS.

(A Reminiscence of the Late Season.)

SCENE—A West End square. TIME—About 12.30 A.M.  
On one side of the awning in front of a house where the last dance of the Season is in progress is a group of tall footmen in long drab coats and powder, chauffeurs in black leather, and pages. On the other a double row of spectators, chiefly women. Under the awning one of those licensed buffoons known as linkmen. He wears a glossy tall hat, a frockcoat, scarlet waistcoat, and light trousers, and carries a lighted lantern for some purely traditional purpose. He has just seen an early departure off with a roguishly insinuating smile and a flourish of his hat, and is relaxing from the mental strain so far as to sketch a few false-steps on the pavement, while the tall footmen look on impassively, considering such levity out of place. Round the railings of the Square, and along the pavements of two sides of it and the adjoining streets, are serried rows of carriages, motors, and cabs. Another knot of onlookers has collected in the road so as to command a view of the balcony.

Tall Footman (to Chauffeur). Nothing more doin' after to-night. What you may call the Wind-up, this is.

Chauffeur (a wag). And time, too, for some of 'em. I know my little lot are precious near runnin' down as it is.

T. F. To Goodwood, eh?

Chauff. I didn't mean that. Waxworks was more what I had in my mind when I said "runnin' down."

T. F. I shouldn't have said myself the weather 'ad been so warm as all that.

Chauff. (after a prolonged stare at him). What I like so partickler about you, old feller, is your astonishin' quickness at seein' anything in the way of a joke.

T. F. Ah. I take after my old dad there. He was most remarkable quick. (A page in front of him sniggers suddenly.) What's set you off? Young imps like you have no call to overhear the conversation of your betters.

Page (with presence of mind, indicating the linkman). I was on'y larfin' at 'im.

First Woman. They 'ave got a lovely band up there. I feel I should like to start dancing meself if I on'y 'ad someone to dance with.

Second Woman. Well, there's a p'liceman just behind.

The front doors are partly opened and two powdered footmen in black satin knee-breeches and white stockings make some communication to a drab-coated footman on the steps, who passes it down to the linkman.

Linkman (bawling). Lady 'ARRIET FEATHERSTON-AUGH's Ser-vint!

First W. He's downstairs in the kitching, 'aving somethink. [No response.]

Second W. 'Ow do you know?

First W. I don't know—but I surmise.

## IN THE ROAD.

A Girl (to Facetious Fiancé). Fency! Jest now I 'eard that lady up in the belkony say "'Ow byutiful!" as plain as anythink. I wonder what at.

The Facetious Fiancé. Well, I 'ardly like to tell you—but if you must know, she 'd jest 'appened to ketch sight of your 'umble.

Girl. You indeed! Go on!

F. F. It set her thinkin': "'Ow different is he from the gilded popinjays by 'oom I am surrounded!" You didn't

notice 'er fling me a flower? She did—on'y it fell in the airy.

Girl. I dessay. You 'd better ring the bell and arsk for it!

F. F. It would on'y encourage 'er to 'ope for what can never be. See, she has turned 'er 'ed aside to 'ide 'er feelings. Pore gel! She has already divined that the fair youth who has won 'er 'art is perlighted to Another!

Girl. Oh, you are a— There's the music gone and broke off quite sudden. What's that for?

F. F. You may well arsk. At that perise moment a mysterious female stepped from beyind a mawble column, and, throwing back the 'eavy veil which obscured her features, exclaimed: "Sir JARSPER, 'ave you no greeting for the wife your villainy doomed to a livin' death?" On which Sir JARSPER, not 'aving none, fell back on the band in a fit—which accounts for their leavin' off so abrup'. Or else a sluice-'ound of the Lor in the disguise of a Blue Bulgarian 'as sprung forward and arrested a Viscount for murderin' his mother-in-lor the Marshiness by choppin' "'orse-'air" into her Irish stoo! Either way, I shouldn't be surprised if it broke up the party.

Girl. Oh, do tork sense! And you're wrong, 'cause the band 's just struck up again!

F. F. It jest shows yer the 'earthlessness of Society. "Why should such a trifle interfere with our enjoyment?" they say. "Let the dance perceed!" (The doors are thrown open, revealing the hall and foot of staircase, with a glimpse of the Supper-room beyond.)

There they are, you see, all goin' down to supper, and tellin' each other what a 'orrible revelation in 'igh life it 's been, and 'ow they 'd 'ad their suspicions all along!

Linkman (shouting). Sir RUNBURY KEGG's ker-ridge! Now then! Sir RUNBURY KEGG!

The Assistant Linkman runs out, taking up the cry, till the name of Sir RUNBURY is heard echoing and resounding along the line of vehicles.

F. F. It's to be 'oped Sir RUNBURY 'asn't bin thinkin' o' sneakin' orf unbeknownst.

Girl. Whatever should he want to do that for?

F. F. (darkly). Some Earls 'ave a way o' keepin' the family dimonds in a burglar-proof safe in the boudwore. I don't say he's pinched any of 'em, but it looks bad, leavin' so early.

A Young Footman (in a straw hat, white tie, and striped waistcoat, to a friend, as Sir RUNBURY comes out). I know 'im. Stayed with us once at the Towers, and didn't bring 'is man, so I valeted 'im. And he found out my name was the same as his, and ast how I come by it. And I told him my people was descended from Spanish smugglers as settled down on the Cornish coast. Which was quite right. There's some of the old stills there yet.

His Friend. And what did 'e say?

The Y. F. He says there was no doubt we were the same family, on'y different branches of it. And when he went he left a sov'rin for 'is namesake, as he called me, to drink his 'ealth.

His Friend (impressed). Ah, that comes of 'aving good blood in your veins!

## BY THE AWNING. LATER.

Linkman. Claridge's 'Otel! Now then. Where's Claridge's?

A Bystander. Won't be up just yet, ole man. It's run into the Coburg and broke a arch.

L. Baroness VON BUNKEL'AUSEN! Coming out! Baroness VON BUNKEL'AUSEN's Ker-ridge! Oh, a four-



SKETCHED AT BRIDLINGTON.

"MOTOR BOAT, SIR?"

wheeler, is it? (*with patronage*). Come along, cabby' Baroness VON BUNKEL'AUSEN's four-wheel kebab stops all the way!

*First Woman* (as carriages and motors are called up in quick succession). They're beginning to go now. And glad enough to get 'ome to their beds, I'll be bound!

*Second Woman*. Some of 'em do look 'aggard. But it's the pore pageboys I'm most sorry for, kep' up till all hours.

*First W.* Oh, boys! they're never in no 'urry for bed. It's their mistresses I pity, 'aving to dress up and go out night after night, and from one party to another, and to be on their best beyaviour all the time. I don't wonder at their breaking down.

*Second W.* They needn't do it if they don't like.

*First W.* That's where you're wrong, my dear, they can't 'elp themselves. I've a friend who's lady's-maid in a 'igh family, so I 'ear things. And once you're in Society you've got to go on till you drop, or else drop out of it altogether.

*Second W.* Pore things! Well, all I can say is, thank my stars I'm not in Society.

*First W.* Same 'ere, I can assure you. And now I'll say good night, for, to tell yer the truth, I've 'ad about enough o' 'standin' about 'ere all these hours.

*Second W.* Oh, I'll come with you as far as I live. I'm reg'lar tired out myself. Though I don't say some o' them dimond tyarers wasn't well worth it. F. A.

## THE ENTHUSIASM OF PHYLLIS.

THE scene: a luscious punt, a day of days,  
A wealth of cushions and a gentle stream.  
"O princely Thames!" cried I, and in its praise  
Made statements which in calmer moments seem  
Hysterical and almost indiscreet;  
While she, my PHYLLIS, held it "rather sweet."

I dropped the Thames, its princeliness, and next  
I let myself become extremely warm  
Dilating fiercely on my daily text,  
"The Wantonness of Tariff (bah!) Reform."  
But PHYLLIS did not share my righteous heat:  
"Oh, don't you think Protection's rather sweet?"

So much for that. "But what," I cried, "for lunch?"  
(Before that problem other problems pale),  
"A plate of beef, tomatoes and a bunch  
Of lettuce with a pint (or two) of ale,  
A little Stilton . . . ?" I, as standing treat,  
Made choice, and PHYLLIS murmured, "Rather sweet."

I ate, I drank, I smoked, and, fortified,  
I posed myself as fitly as I could,  
Then, "Charming creature, will you be my bride?"  
I pleaded hotly. She (I knew she would)  
Informed th' impassioned lover at her feet  
"She thought that really might be rather sweet."



### THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

Charlie (fall'ng into seat). "COME ON, 'ERB! WHY, EVEN LYING ON THE GRASS MAKES ME TIRED!"  
'Erb (following with supreme effort). "YES!"

### THE TWO DESPERADOS.

[Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX and Mr. HARRY DE WINDT left London yesterday for Arctic Lapland."—*Daily Mail*, August 13.]

THE two boldest heroes that ever I kneux  
Were WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX.

They were harder than nails, they were harder than  
flindt,  
Were HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

SAVAGE LANDOR turned pink and DE ROUGEMONT turned  
blueux

At WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX.

Each had in his eye an adventurous glindt,  
Had HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

They touched with romance the drab page of *Who's  
Wheux*,  
Did WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX.

The language was often too luscious to prindt,  
Of HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

No man was so brave as to dare to say Beux!  
To WILLIAM DE WINDT or HARRY LE QUEUX.

They obeyed no command and they took not a hindt,  
Did HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

They were always received with applause at the Zeux,  
Were WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX

The earnings could hardly be stored at the Mindt,  
Of HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

They chartered a yacht with a cannibal creux,  
Did WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX.

They dyed their moustaches a terrible tindt,  
Did HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

They bought fur coats from the Wandering Jeux,  
Did WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX.

And they padded their waistcoats with bullet-proof lindt,  
Did HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT.

Now they 're gone to the Arctic together—Hurreux  
For WILLIAM DE WINDT and HARRY LE QUEUX!

And won't they make PEARY and NANSSEN just squindt,  
Won't HARRY LE QUEUX and WILLIAM DE WINDT!

### Sad Fate of a Respectable Club.

"ON September 2 the Reform Club will close its doors.  
and members will go to the Union."—*Daily Express*.

"While hunting with Mr. Tracey's otter hounds on Tuesday, a fine  
otter, weighing 24 lbs., was killed at Headley Park."—*Farnham Herald*.

Of course, if an otter *will* run with the pack, he must  
take his chance.



### AN EMBARRASSING CHAMPION.

ROSEBERRY-ACHILLES (after knocking over a few Greeks). "LET ME SEE—AM I A TROJAN AFTER ALL? ONE GETS SO OUT OF TOUCH WITH THINGS, STICKING IN A TENT!"



**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TORY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 12.—"The Noble Lord is the mildest mannered man that ever scuttled a ship. But he scuttles the ship all the same."

Thus the Marquis of LANSDOWNE,



"MAGNIFICENTLY IMPERTURBABLE."

(Earl of Cr-we.)

regarding the Earl of CREWE in charge of the Evicted Tenants Bill.

Happy summing-up of an interesting character. Relentless fate has, since he entered the political arena, made CREWE the leader of forlorn hopes. Fifteen years ago, when Mr. G. returned to power with unworkable small majority and a new Home Rule Bill up his sleeve, a prime necessity in the new administration was a Lord Lieutenant for Ireland. The eye of the veteran Cabinet-maker roving round fell upon Lord HOUGHTON, as the MILNES peerage then ranked. He was young and inexperienced in office, and the situation was peculiarly difficult. The appointment seemed risky; Mr. G.'s prescience was abundantly justified.

It happened that the MEMBER FOR SARK paid two visits to Ireland during HOUGHTON's Vice-royalty, and had opportunity of observing from close quarters his Excel-

lency at work. He stood in position of chilling isolation. Predecessors at the Castle had friends in one or other camp. If they were Unionists they had the landlords behind them. If they represented a Liberal Government the populace, animated by a sense of gratitude for favours to come, cheered their appearance in public. During his residence in Dublin HOUGHTON was boycotted by his own set. There was no compensation in the way of popular enthusiasm. The Nationalist M.P.s stood aloof. As he drove through the streets or visited the racecourse in state, there were none among the crowd to cry, "God bless him!"

He bore the painful ordeal with dignified patience that in the end did something to disarm Party animosity and popular suspicion. The earldom with which the service was rewarded was well merited.

Scene has shifted to Westminster. Stage the floor of House of Lords; play the same in its main bearing. The Earl of CREWE, like Lord HOUGHTON, finds himself fighting against hopeless odds. Last year it was the Education Bill; this Session it is the Evicted Tenants Bill. Nominally representing a powerful Government, *locum tenens* for the Leader of the House, he is actually at the mercy of the Opposition. It is LANSDOWNE who is master of the situation. He does his spiriting courtously; but—pressed from behind by ruthless advocates of sanctity of the land or inviolability of the Church—mercilessly withal.

In hourly adversity, buffeted from below the Gangway and above it, CREWE never loses his temper. Now and then he manages to land a

polished and barbed dart in chink of armour of noble Lords opposite. In the main he is magnificently imperturbable.

*Business done.*—The Lords having passed Second Reading of Evicted Tenants Bill without division proceed to cut it up in Committee.

*Tuesday.*—Leaving for a while his



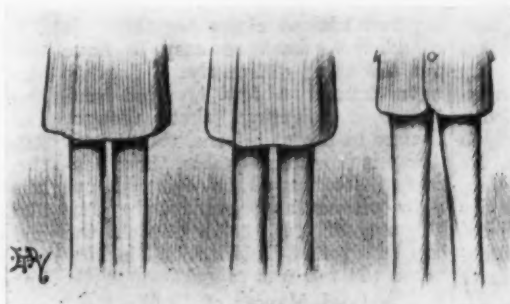
ROSEBERRY'S "YOUNG FRIEND."

(Earl of W-m-ss.)

lonely furrow, Lord ROSEBERRY stood at the Table to-night and smashed the Scotch Small Holdings Bill. A peculiarity shared with Irish Members leaves him on Opposition side. Ordinary Members, Peers or Commoners, follow Party leaders crossing the floor when change of Ministry takes place. Ministers may come and Ministers may go; ROSEBERRY in one House and the Irish Members in t'other retain their old positions.

In last Parliament he was accustomed occasionally to stroll up to table from below Gangway and address House from Opposition side. There he stood to-night, when with genuine sorrow for a much-loved Ministry which he, so he said, had worked hard to bring in, he banged its head, broke its ribs, left it not a leg, whether English or Scotch, to stand upon.

When he intervened, House was steeped in dulness inseparable from



THE BROTHERS PH-L-TTS. PART II.

Our artist wishes to express his deep regret that this instalment of the hon. members has been somewhat delayed. The fact is that as he was gazing upwards with a view to making accurate studies for this picture his attention was distracted by the new Comet which appeared in a neighbouring part of the heavens, and he lost himself in abstruse speculations as to the speed limit.

debate on Scottish domestic matters. As at touch of enchanter's wand the scene changed; the benches filled; a throng of Privy Councillors peopled steps of the Throne. News reaching the Commons "ROSEBERRY is up!" Members raced across Lobby to find places in pens over the Bar.

The speech equalled high expectation. It gained something from the undercurrent of tenderness which flowed through his mind as he thought of old friends and companions dear in a Ministry from which he was an exile. Only a sense of public duty would induce him to do anything hurtful to the feelings of C.-B. But, in view of his responsibility as Premier for an attempt to introduce into the body-politic of Scotland the poisonous bacillus of Irish agrarian system, he

Caught him by the collar,  
Cruel only to be kind,  
And to his exceeding dolour  
Gave him several slaps behind.

For lookers-on effect of brilliant display of argument, invective and humour, was marred by little mannerism of sprawling over the Table on bent elbow. For the rest the speech was a pure intellectual delight, reminding listeners of all that the House and the country have lost since ACHILLES habitually sulks in his tent.

*Business done.*—Second Reading of Scottish Land Bill moved by LORD CHANCELLOR.

*House of Commons, Friday.*—NAPOLEON B. HALDANE has this Session established for himself a position that cannot be undermined. By patience, adroitness, thorough mastery of his subject, he has carried a system of Army Reform for which parallel must be sought in the achievements of that other civilian, LORD CARDWELL. It would be a pity if success should be dimmed by display of little weakness. Natural tendency of a much-applauded man to cultivate a swelled head. N. B. H. will find food for reflection in study of one episode of the career of his great exemplar. If the other NAPOLEON, puffed up with continuous victory, confident in his star, had not petulantly invaded Russia, there would have been no retreat from Moscow, and no St. Helena.



"GENUINE SORROW FOR A MUCH-LOVED MINISTRY."

Earl of R-s-b-ry.

These dour reflections arise in contemplation of the SECRETARY of STATE's attitude towards that warrior bold, the Lord Mayor of Dublin. MR. BOWLES, with hereditary instinct, has nosed out the unsuspected fact that his Lordship is ranked as captain of a Foot regiment, and as such receives pay of £300 a year.

"Does the name of this officer appear on the Army List?" enquired the Bellicose BOWLES. "If not, what is the reason of the omission? And has the SECRETARY of STATE FOR WAR any claim upon this officer's services should they be required?"

"The Army," answered N. B. H., with regrettable note of superciliousness, "has no claim upon the services of the Lord Mayor of Dublin."

Here was opportunity lost of drawing two nations closer together. It would have been so easy to have put the thing differently. Easy to have framed a few honeyed sentences, indicating that though, thanks to useful reform, the British Army is now impregnable, those concerned for its direction could not view without apprehension the contingency of presence of Captain the Lord Mayor of Dublin found lacking when the roll was called.

The Lord Mayors of Dublin have ever been a warrior race. HALDANE, who did not enter the House till 1885, was not present on the memorable night when the occupant of the civic chair, who, like MALACHI, "wore his collar of gold," rose in his place and defied FORSTER, then Chief Secretary. House was in Com-

mittee on Coercion Bill, which gave police authorities right of domestic search.

"If," said Lord Mayor of Dublin (known as BAKER PASHA in playful allusion to a flour-shop business that commanded his attention when not engrossed in Imperial politics), "the right hon. gentleman were to enter my domicile and approach the bedside of my wife, he would have to pass over my dead body."

Poor FORSTER had not harboured or hinted at the felonious design attributed to him. But the warning had due effect. It showed whom it might concern what manner of man was the Captain of Foot who was Lord Mayor

of Dublin for the time being.

And it is his successor whom HALDANE snubs.

*Business done.*—English Small Holdings Bill read a third time.

## THE ETERNAL VERITIES OF CRICKET.

THROWING-IN FROM THE RING.

(After Mr. C. B. Fry.)

FOR too long has this most important branch of our great national pastime been neglected. How often has one been present at a match and noticed the lamentable, almost tragic, loss of time that has followed upon a boundary hit owing to the incompetence of the spectator to whom the ball had gone to return it more than a third of the way to the nearest fieldsman!

Let us look at what this delay involves. The batsman, say, has not long been in: not more than four hours, say, for thirty runs. His eye has hardly yet properly accommodated itself to the conditions of light; the cross wind has still fully to be mastered; the pitch, with its myriad blades of grass, has yet to be learned and committed to memory. At such a juncture, when every moment is of importance for the prosperity of his innings and average, it is almost fatal for him to have to wait an undue time for the next ball. The balls should be coming with perfect regularity, and here is a delay owing to the defective throwing-in of some over-eating old gentleman or over-smoking young one. The chances are that in the course of an hour or so

the batsman will be bowled, and all through this deplorable lack of decent shoulder-play on the part of the crowd.

Now and then one sees a good throw-in from the ring; but how seldom! I remember such a case in the Surrey and Sussex match at the Oval in 1903. The ball had been driven hard to the on-boundary by TOM HAYWARD. It was fielded by a soldier in a red coat, who returned it promptly with such force and accuracy that it reached the feet of the man who had bowled it, whose name I forget for the moment. What a pleasure this was to the trained eye. Here was efficiency at last. But usually, as all participants in the first-class game can testify, the ball is thrown wide and with little power.

Another recollection which I retain is of courtesy run riot, the hero being an aged clergyman at Leeds. Chancing to be the person whom the ball reached from a fine uppish drive by MICHAEL ANGELO TUNNICLIFFE, he actually carried it in his hand to the bowler, refusing to allow any of the fieldsmen to relieve him of it, and by so doing robbed the other side of the ten minutes required for a certain win.

I calculate that if all the time that is wasted by bad returns from the ring were utilised there would not be a single draw in the whole season. An ingenious contrivance for saving this time, and dispensing with the doubtless well-meant if feeble efforts of the crowd, has been invented by my friend Mr. GEORGE W. BELDAM in the shape of an india-rubber bulwark—or cushion, as billiard-players would say—running all round the ring, of such elasticity as to return the ball that strikes it with any force automatically back into the centre of the field of play. But only the more wealthy counties could at present afford such a luxury. Sir ARTHUR HAZELRIGG has, I am informed, ordered one for the Leicester ground for use during his own innings.

#### THE CONTRIBUTOR'S GUIDE.

1. It is always advisable to write on paper if possible, but if you should be in the habit of jotting down bright thoughts on your shirt cuff *write on one side of the cuff only*. In a case of this kind it is of course unnecessary to send the entire shirt.

2. Number the sheets as you go along, thus—1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10. This will show not only the actual number of sheets to which the MS. runs, but will also indicate the order in which each sheet is to be



#### "THE MAN BEHIND THE GUN."

Recruit (to Instructor). "PLEASE, SIR, DO 'E 'AVE TO PULL MUCH 'ANDER AT THICK 'ERE FIVE 'UNDRED NOR AT THE TWO 'UNDRED YARDS?"

read. Roman numerals may be employed in the same way if desired.

3. Always enclose a stamped and fully addressed envelope. You will in nine cases out of ten get it back. Should, however, your article be accepted, the editor (or someone) keeps the stamp, and it is deemed inadvisable as a rule to pursue the matter any farther.

4. In sending MS. there is no need to enclose your photograph or birth certificate. The editor does not in the least want to know what you like to think you look like, and he knows (perhaps to his cost) that you have undoubtedly been born.

5. If you do not hear anything as to the fate of your MS., say in two days, ring up the editor on the telephone, and ask him what he means to do about it. He will let you know almost immediately, and your anxiety will be allayed.

6. It will save you a lot of trouble if at the end of your article you put the following:—

NOTICE TO EDITORS.

DEAR SIR,—SHOULD THE ABOVE PROVE UNSUITABLE TO YOUR COLUMNS, WOULD IT BE ASK-

ING YOU TOO MUCH TO FORWARD IT WITHOUT DELAY TO

THE EDITOR OF.....

[Here insert in rotation the names of the journals to which you wish the MS. sent.]

7. One more piece of advice, *Keep on trying!* There is no royal road to success in journalism—unless, of course, you happen to be an ex-criminal or a first-class cricketer.

#### The Smart Set Again.

UNDER the heading "Social and Personal" *The Dublin Evening Mail* prints the following:—

"At a special Court on Saturday, M—D—, labourer, was remanded in custody on a charge of assaulting his sister-in-law by striking her over the eye with a tea-pot."

This kind of thing may, or may not, be "social," but it certainly sounds rather "personal."

#### Half-hours with Hobbs.

LAST week we showed why Notts won, and we are now able to explain why Middlesex rarely lose. In their match with Surrey, we read in *The Bristol Evening News*:—

"Hobbs then survived a ball which came spontaneously from every player."

"— AND WAVED HER SILLY HAND."

I WALKED slowly into the station, and, glancing at the clock, saw that there was still a long wait before me. A train at the platform had to be despatched before mine could come up. I was turning away to the bookstall for relief when I felt a hand on my shoulder, and the next moment I caught a faintly murmured remark:

"Will you join?"

"Join?"

I turned and confronted a small worried man, with lines upon his forehead and ear-stoppers in his hands.

"Join?" I repeated.

He nodded eagerly.

"Do," he said. "If only a few would join the movement something might result. We might really put it down, and—"

"But join what?"

"The SOCIETY for PREVENTING FATUOUS FAREWELLS in RAILWAY STATIONS. Listen!"

He waved his hand in the direction of the train at the platform.

I listened, and what I heard was:

"Bye-bye."

"Bye-bye; be sure to write."

"Yes. Are we off?"

(The train was not due to start for several minutes yet.)

"Not quite. It's always well to allow plenty of time, you know."

"If you see GLADYS on Monday, give her my love."

"Yes. Got your ticket all right?" (This necessitates a careful search in a purse, in which both know perfectly well that the ticket is resting.)

"I'm going to have a fine day after all."

"You'll send me a line to-night, won't you? You're nearly off now."

"Well, bye-bye."

"If you've left anything behind I'll be sure to send it on to you." (I glance at the over-burdened rack and wonder what could have been left behind.)

"Thanks so much. I'll be able to get some tea on the way, I expect."

"Yes. Got your sandwiches?" (Both know that she has.) "That's right. Now you're off. Be sure to drop me a line when you get home."

"I wonder if I've got everything."

"You're sure about your ticket?"

(A second search now takes place.)

"That's all right."

"Oh, there's that hat-pin you lent me. Did I give it you back? I believe I left it in the tooth-brush jar on the washstand. I'm so sorry."

"Never mind, I'll find it when I get home again. Don't you worry. Here's the guard. Now, you've really got everything—your sandwiches and your ticket and everything? Well, bye-bye, dear; write soon. My love to everybody."

"Yes. My love to all your people. Ta-ta. Had such a good time."

The whistle sounds, and the train gives a jerk.

(In chorus.) "Bye-bye; write soon."



[The War Office has issued, "for experiment and report," a new garment which is described as "a combined overcoat, water-proof sheet, tent, and wagon-cover."]

Experimental Tommy. "Ere! 'Elp! THE BLOOMIN' GARMENT'S TURNIN' INTO A WAR-BALLOON!"

Two handkerchiefs flutter and the train at last disappears.

I turned to my companion wearily.

"Please put my name down," I said.

#### MARINE INSURANCE NOTES.

AMONGST the list of recent regrettable casualties we notice that S.S. (Second Scullerymaid) *Elizabeth* sustained damage to three ribs last Monday whilst taking in coal at Port Putney. She is now in dry dock at St. Thomas's, and is quoted at ten guineas per cent.

On the 6th inst., while window-cleaning during a stiff breeze, Mrs. SMYTHSON'S *Saucy Mary* lost her companion the *Pride of Balham*, who foundered with all hands and feet. *Saucy Mary* herself became a wreck; but much of her has been reinsured at 35 guineas per cent.

On the 7th *Clara Jane*, of Tooting, came to grief while tacking, her sparker having sustained injury; but salvage companies are still hopeful. On the other hand, *Robert's Pearl*, who was dredging for coppers in the Bayswater reach, has not yet been signalled, and it is feared that she may become a total loss.

The Earl of PECKHAM'S lawn-cutter *George* lies in a very crippled condition, and underwriters refuse to touch him.

Two nights ago Sir HUBERT FROBISHER'S new six-footer *James* started on a short cruise from West Kensington, and early yesterday morning was reported off Battersea in difficulties. His steering-gear seems to have been badly affected.

Insurance offices decline liability on the ground of contributory negligence.

Whilst coasting along the Margate Roads the *Scorching Polly* of Broadstairs has run into a local sandbank. Her cargo, which was chiefly eggs, will probably not be recovered. She herself is quoted at 45 guineas.

A later telegram corrects the above, and states that the *Scorching Polly* collided with a tramp, and has lost her screw.

#### ANOTHER HARD CASE.

A., an exceedingly nervous but inquisitive gentleman, and a great collector of antiques, is returning a first call from B., a lady whom he has never seen

before. On being shown into the drawing-room, and while awaiting the arrival of his hostess, he observes upon her ivory table a fine example of an 18th-century Scratch-Stick (a small ivory hand fastened upon a slender handle of ebony). Impelled by curiosity, he is unable to resist the temptation to put the implement to a practical test, and has just inserted it within the back of his collar for that purpose, when a foot-step outside throws him into a sudden panic. Hastily endeavouring to withdraw the instrument, in his agitation he pulls too hard, the handle breaks, and the ivory hand remains out of reach. What should A. do?

On a notice-board in Crieff:

"Mrs. A. . . B. . .  
Dealer in old Antiques."  
This should be the real thing.

## THE HYPNOTIC EYE.

[According to *The Daily Telegraph*, the burglar with the hypnotic eye is the latest product of America. At first people scoffed at him as a fiction of the imagination, but Professor MUNSTERBURG of Harvard and other learned men have set themselves to show that hypnotic power may become a most dangerous asset of the criminal.]

JOHN P. BECK of Fortieth Street  
Was as smart a burglar as one could meet;  
The jemmy and sandbag too he viewed  
As hopelessly primitive, coarse and crude:  
On one thing only would he rely—  
The power of his black hypnotic eye.

Armed with his orb, JOHN P. would dare  
To burgle the hall of the millionaire  
And pleasantly humour each passing whim  
By taking whatever might chance to take him.

But—who is happy in this round ball?—  
At last his triumphs began to pall;  
He loathed the monotonous situation  
And craved in his soul for a new sensation;  
So one dark night, when the policemen found him  
With a heap of stolen goods around him,  
Instead of making them shrink and quail  
He let them carry him off to jail.

Great was the thrill when the news was brought  
That JOHN P. BECK had at last been caught.  
Never was seen such a crowd before  
As hustled around the court-house door.

JOHN P. leant with an easy grace,  
Watching the scene with a smile on his face.  
Witness One was sworn to the fact  
That BECK had been caught in the very act:  
"At ten past twelve on Monday night—  
I could swear to the minute—I'm certain quite—  
I came on BECK in an old shebeen  
Just as the clock struck one-fifteen.  
The man was wearing some emerald rings.  
I said to him, 'Where did you get those things?'"

It's very queer  
To find you here!

With a lot of rubies and pearls and plate  
On a Sunday morning at half past eight?"

The jury stared at the witness. "Mad!  
Mad as a hatter!" the thought they had.

Witness Two was called and swore  
That BECK was arrested at half-past four:  
He caught him himself. The deed was done  
Without the aid of Witness One.  
He'd known BECK well since he first appeared  
With a clean-shaved face and a coal-black beard.

Again the jury opened their eyes  
And stared at the man with a wild surmise;  
And each who came through the witnesses' door  
Seemed still more mad than the man before.

But further yet was the Court to try  
The power of BECK's hypnotic eye,  
For when the judge started to sum up the case  
The orb was fixed on his learned face.  
"The evidence certainly seems," said he,  
"A little conflicting—at least to me.  
How BECK was arrested, and why, and when,  
I cannot make out from these gentlemen.  
If he committed the crime, or crimes,  
With which he is charged, at the time, or times,  
It is, of course, for the jury to say  
That he is guilty. That's clear as day.  
But if, again, he never committed  
The crime, or crimes, he should be acquitted.



Auntie. "Now, TOMMY, JUST YOU KEEP PERFECTLY STILL, OR YOU'LL HAVE THE WHOLE LOT OVER. AND BESIDES YOU MUST THINK OF THE POOR ELEPHANT."

Again, were it proved that another man  
Had conceived a base, nefarious plan  
To commit the crime, whatever it be,  
And throw the suspicion on good JOHN P.,  
Should BECK be punished? The jury, I trust, is  
Opposed to such a miscarriage of justice.  
Suppose such a wretch existed—What?  
You say impossible?—Ah, 'tis not.  
I know the criminal. Yes, you see  
The wretch before you. I am he!  
The man who should be in the dock is me!  
Arrest me, warders! Step down, JOHN P.!"

## The New French "Dreadnought."

The *Yorkshire Evening Post* alleges that a Reuter's telegram says that the *Petit Parisien* publishes (we are going to get there soon, but we *must* give all our authorities first) a telegram from Casa Blanca to the effect that

"A squadron of chasseurs from the D'Afrique and half a squadron of Spanish spahis were landed this morning, and took part in the fighting."

Nom de chien! A difficult language, this French!

## Commercial Candour.

"WASHING IN A NUTSHELL."

"Washing with — Soap is almost as easy as the title suggests."  
*Glasgow Evening News.*

Those who have tried bathing in a walnut may agree.

## Willing to Please.

"Alistair, the winner of the last race, is a son of Ixas and a daughter of Bonavista."—*Morning Leader.*

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

EVELYN SHARP's quick sense of humour and her nice understanding of childhood have never been in doubt. And in her new book, *Nicolette* (CONSTABLE), so long as the children remain children, they exercise a most compelling fascination. But they grow up, and the charm is gone. To blame the author is only to renew the old complaint against Life for spoiling her best. Besides, Miss SHARP knows just as well as you and I that the spell is snapped. She becomes serious to the verge of priggishness, and her genial humour inclines to narrow itself to an almost unkind ridicule of suburban snobbery and Philistinism in the person of a maiden Aunt. Like many natural humorists when assuming a gravity that is alien to their habit of speech and thought, she loses her originality and tends to follow the obvious beaten track.

Otherwise she could never, for instance, have permitted herself the false delicacy of an attitude long hallowed by fiction, where she makes a clean-hearted woman "falter" in telling her husband that she is to bear him a child. But if the author fails in her larger ambition, it is only by comparison with her own gifts in another field. She actually maintains a standard of which she has no reason to be ashamed. And indeed, if these children had all been *Peter Pans* and refused to grow up, we should have missed a charming study of hereditary influences drawn from the father, a painter with a soul above mercenary considerations; a loose, vague, irresponsible creature, after the manner of LEIGH HUNT, with a touch of the Bedford Park School. And anyhow the delightful pictures of childhood contained in the first 120 pages are alone well worth the paltry 4s. 6d.

Mr. E. WAY ELKINGTON has written, and Mr. NORMAN HARDY has illustrated, and Messrs. A. AND C. BLACK have published, an attractive book on *The Savage South Seas*. The blasé tourist in search of a novel sensation might do worse than go to the Solomon Islands and be eaten. Only he must hurry up, for cannibalism, I learn, is distinctly on the wane. This is possibly owing to a large extent to the discovery that the scourge of indigestion which is so prevalent in these islands is due to unwholesome food. However, some of the natives are still shockingly ignorant, and the traveller who has an objection to being dined off would do well to impregnate himself with naphthaline. This will cause a feeling of nausea to the man-taster, and he

will seldom take more than one bite. One of the most interesting illustrations in the book is "An old Cannibal Chief whom the Artist met on the Island of Aoba." One can almost hear the artist's farewell speech, "Well, good-bye, Sir, and thank you for not eating me." The volume also contains much illuminating information as to the local fashions, from which we learn that in some parts of the islands even a few tattoo marks are looked upon as prudish, while a pointed bone run through the nose is considered over-dressing. And the mystery as to how living statues get over the no-pocket difficulty is satisfactorily solved. Big holes are made in the ears, and here looking-glasses, and pipes, and matches, and other necessities are stowed. In conclusion we would mention that there are many things which we might with advantage learn from these so-called savages. For instance, in the New Hebrides they bury their helpless and decrepit old men. Here we keep them in office. Over there, ancestor-worship flourishes. Here we throw

stones at the House of Lords.

I anticipate for *The Savage South Seas* a large sale, not only in the Solomon Islands, but also over here. Its price is a New Guinea, less one shilling.

Dr. Manton (JOHN LONG) is a tale of mystery and humour. The humour is unconscious and the mystery so transparent that the reader sees through its various ramifications long before they dawn upon the intelligence of the worthy doctor and the detectives whom he employs.

Manton is, in fact, almost as stupid as Dr. Watson, the admirer of *Sherlock Holmes*, although in the eyes of his creator, Mr. MORICE GERARD, he is no end of a fine fellow, whereas Watson was meant to be a fool. This is how he addresses his chauffeur, about three pages after it is perfectly obvious that the villains from whom he is endeavouring to save the inevitable damsel in distress have tampered with the brake of his motor, in one of their many efforts to kill him: "Do you mean to say, Penrose—speak out, man, and don't make any mistake—that the motor had been intentionally tampered with, that someone had taken away the nut which keeps the brake in its position and gives it its grip?" The characters are all either knaves or fools, with the solitary exception of an intelligent miller who set the sails of his mill in motion when the three villains were trying to climb up them into his window, and so hurled them to instant death. As it does not occur to the author that he ought to have been tried for manslaughter, and as, thanks to his assistance, the fools won the day, the book may be considered to end happily. *Quod erat faciendum.*



Timid child (who has just been assured of the company of the angels in the dark).  
"YE-E-S. BUT, MUMMY, COULDN'T YOU HAVE THE ANGELS, AND LEAVE ME THE CANDLE?"